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AILSA CRAIG.

AILSA is one of the most stupendous and picturesque of the Western Islands of Scotland. It rises, "sheer out of the sea," fifteen miles from the shore of Ayrshire, though viewed from that coast, it appears to be quite at hand; and, "so tall and massive is Ailsa, and such is the effect produced by the levelness of the sea between, that the sight of it, even at the distance of fifteen miles, oppresses the imagination."* Situated in the

* Picture of Scotland. By R. Chambers, vol. i.

Firth of Clyde, it stands foremost among the various objects which cause the scenery of that river to rank among the most attractive tracts in Scotland; and its picturesque beauties are not surpassed, and rarely equalled, among the remote Scottish isles.

The most detailed account of this interesting place will be found in Dr. Macculloch's valuable *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, in which the sublime features of Ailsa are elaborately depicted. The reader



(The Solan Goose.)

will also, doubtless, expect a particular account of the geological structure of Ailsa from so philosophical a pen as that of Dr. Macculloch, and his anticipations will, we predict, be gratified.

Ailsa, when viewed from the east or west, has the figure of a right angled cone; while from the north and south it presents one considerably obtuse. This difference is the result of its form, which is that of a conoidal body, with an irregularly elliptical basis. The altitude is 1,100 feet; its length is about 3,300 feet; and its breadth, 2,200. The shore around is clean; and the water at a small distance so deep, that ships may range it with safety; while, on the east side, a convenient landing-place for boats is afforded by a spit of rolled pebbles, that has been washed up by the alternate opposing run of the tide stream. This is the only point at which the rock can be ascended from the shore; the other sides being either perpendicular, or presenting rugged and insurmountable acclivities. The shores, if shores they may be called, which are found at the foot of this rock, are formed of the stones and rubbish that fall from the summit, and are, with the exception of the landing-place above mentioned, so narrow as to afford no view of the magnificent scenery which towers above them. The only advantageous mode of viewing the island is, therefore, by making its circuit in a boat; for, if you clamber to the summit, (and this is a most laborious task,) you miss the perpendicular faces which constitute its most striking features.

At the east side, at about a fifth of the height, on a sort of shoulder, are the remains of an ancient tower, of a square form, and containing several vaulted chambers, still entire.* On this side, the hill continues to rise by irregular stages to the top, or an irregular longitudinal ridge lying north and south. The fragments of rock with which it is overwhelmed are concealed by the luxuriant vegetation of various tall plants—the chief of which are the common nettle, the *Silene amœna* and the *Lychnis dioica*; the two latter producing, in the season of flowering, the most splendid effect. The grassy surface, which is equally luxuriant, is chiefly occupied by rabbits, and by a few goats in almost primitive wildness, the neglected remains of herds to which the place was formerly appropriated. Two springs of water are found on the eastern acclivity, each producing a small, marshy plain, covered with plants of *Hydrocotyle vulgaris*, of enormous size.

The perpendicular face of the rock extends from the south, round by the west, towards the north side, the greater portion being of a

columnar form. "Where it first commences, at the southern end, it is 30 or 40 feet high," and somewhat broken; but, "further on, as the altitude of the cliffs increases, the columnar forms become more perfect, until a single face presents itself, attaining perpendicularly to a great height, and so divided as to exhibit, on a general view, an aspect of regularity equal to that of the well known columnar basalts of Scotland." Dr. Macculloch estimates these columns to be 400 feet in height, an elevation before which the columns of Staffa, not reaching to 60 feet, sink into comparative insignificance. The pillars are not, however, so regularly defined, nor so readily separable as those of Staffa; but they are of large size, reaching to six feet and upwards in diameter. Although not jointed, they break, in most places, at right angles to their axes.

"Proceeding further towards the north end of Ailsa, this high range of columns terminates in a jutting and small promontory, behind which is a recess containing a cave. This is about twelve feet in breadth and thirty in height, the depth being about fifty; and it terminates on the right hand in a kind of irregular dome. Though not remarkable for its size, the position and form render it extremely picturesque; various ranges of columns at different altitudes, and separated by irregular masses of rock, surrounding it and stretching away to the northward until they finally disappear. This part indeed presents the most picturesque subjects that Ailsa affords; the whole of the columnar face being visible at once if a proper point of distance be taken, and the simpler features and superior grandeur of the high ranges, forming a beautiful contrast with the more intricate disposition and complicated variety of the smaller."

Ailsa is composed of a single rock, which Dr. Macculloch considers as one of the numerous modifications of the syenite of the trap family. Its basis is greyish, compact felspar, tinged brown or red, and interspersed with small grains of quartz, and black spots formed of very minute particles of hornblende. "It adds another variety to the list of these rocks which, like basalt, are capable of assuming a columnar form. Numerous trap veins traverse this rock. They are of considerable dimensions, and from the abrupt forms of the cliffs, expose their courses for a great space; presenting this geological fact in a very interesting view. The greater number are vertical, or at least highly erect, and they are attended with no disturbance or derangement of the surrounding rocks beyond that of simple separation; nor is there any alteration of either rock visible at the planes of contact."

Referring to the general appearance of Ailsa, Dr. Macculloch observes: "It is partly owing to the beauty of the local colour, the mild tones of grey, interspersed with greens

* This tower is said to have been erected by Philip II. of Spain, about the time that the Spanish armada invaded Britain.—*Encyclop. Brit.* 7th edit.

of every tint, that the columnar ranges of Ailsa produce an effect far superior to those of Staffa, of the Shiant isles, or of Sky; the uniform dark hue of these, without variety or contrast, often confounding the whole in indiscriminate gloom."

The Craig is the property of the Earl of Cassilis, and is let at 30*l.* per annum. The old tower already described is uninhabited, but the produce of the island repays the rental. This is, as we have explained, goats and rabbits; but the most important production is the Solan goose, to be described. This bird, (also called the gannet,) is about three feet in length and six in breadth, from tip to tip; the whole plumage is of a dirty white, inclining to grey. The eyes are of a pale yellow and surrounded with a fine, blue, naked skin. The bill is six inches long, and furnished beneath with a kind of pouch, like the pelicans, with which birds the Solan goose was classed by Linnæus. It appears in Great Britain in the summer, arrives about March, departs southward in August or September, and is found on the coast of Portugal in the winter. In the breeding season this bird retires to rocky, uninhabited islands, as Ailsa, where, amidst the fragments of the columns that strew the beach below, it builds its nest of sea-weed. The female lays only one egg, though, if it be removed, she will deposit another. The young are much darker than the old birds: they remain in the nest until they have nearly attained their full size, becoming extremely fat. In this state they are much esteemed; though, living chiefly on herrings, their flesh is strong and fishy. The arrival of a boat on the island occasions great alarm to these birds: the whole of the noisy multitude take wing, forming a cloud in the atmosphere which bears a striking resemblance to a fall of snow, or to the scattering of autumnal leaves in a storm. "To prevent interference in their courses, each cloud of birds occupies a distinct stratum in the air, circulating in one direction, and in a perpetual wheeling flight."

The Solan goose builds also in the rocky precipices, and among the fractured columns of Ailsa. The taking of the young birds in such situations is attended with great danger. The persons employed in it are let down by a rope from the top of the precipices, and they hang suspended at very great heights, in peril, not only from the insecure footing of those who hold the rope, but also from the dislodgment of loose portions of the rock. When the person thus suspended has beaten down all the birds within his reach, he is raised or lowered, as occasion requires, until he has completed his devastating labour.

Tribes of gulls, puffins, auks, and other sea fowl, are also found at Ailsa, forming together a feathered population scarcely exceeded by that of St. Kilda, or the Flan-

nan isles. In St. Kilda, Solan geese form the principal food of the islanders, and the women wear the skins of these birds instead of shoes, which only last five days, but are immediately replaced by others.

Anecdote Gallery.

VOLTAIRIANA.

VOLTAIRE'S tragedy of *Zaire* was received with raptures of applause; nevertheless that junta of critics who inhabit the parterre found some faults to correct. One may suppose that such corrections were not very agreeable to the players, who had to study their parts anew. Above all, the actor Dufresne refused to task his memory with the corrections. At last the poet, fertile in expedients, had recourse to a stratagem that succeeded. He learned the day on which Dufresne was about to give a grand dinner, and sent him a very fine partridge pie, charging the bearer not to name the donor. The pie arrived so seasonably that Dufresne put off till another time the thought of who it was that sent it. It was served amidst the acclamations of the company, and opened with some ceremony, when, what was the general astonishment to see twelve partridges, each holding in its bill a little billet, mysterious as the leaves of the Sybils. These billets contained the altered speeches, and Dufresne, unable to resist an appeal so truly French, committed them to memory.

At the rehearsals of *Irene*, which Voltaire always attended, he begged Madame Vestris of that day, who sustained a principal character, to repeat a couplet, which he thought not well delivered. She did so two or three times successively, but Voltaire was not pleased. At last, a great lord who was present, said, "Indeed you tease the lady, and I think she has delivered the passage very well." "It might be very well for a duke," replied the wit, "but it is not very well for me."

When the *Merope* of Voltaire, a mere plagiarism of Maffa's exquisite tragedy, was announced, Treron, in his journal, prophesied its damnation. *Merope*, however, met with success, and the author, to take his revenge, published his play, with a frontispiece, in which an ass (Treron), was represented gnawing the leaves of a laurel tree. Our journalist, in his next number, said he had mistaken the public taste in regard to *Merope*, which had not only succeeded, but was just published, with a striking portrait of the author. Voltaire was so stung with this retort, that he bought up all the copies, which he committed to the flames, to obliterate not only the print but the edition.

The *Gazette de Lyons* contained, some time since, an enumeration of the editions of Voltaire, published at Paris between 1817

and 1824, from which it appears that, during this period, the number of his works which issued from the press were 1,417,000 volumes.

W. G. C.

MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

CARESTINI, *Conti detto Gizziello*, and Caffarello, were all great singers, in a new style of execution, which Handel was unwilling to flatter. *Vera! Prati*, which was constantly encored during the whole run of *Alcina*, was, at first, sent back to Handel by Carestini, as unfit for him to sing; upon which he went, in a great rage, and in a way in which few composers, except Handel, ever ventured to accost a first singer, cried out, "You fool! don't I know better as your self vat is pest for your to sing? If you will not sing all de song vat I give you, I will not pay you ein stiver."

During the 'latter part of Handel's life, about the year 1753, in the Lent season, a minor canon, from the cathedral of Gloucester, offered his services to Handel to sing. His offer was accepted, and he was employed in the choruses. Not satisfied with this department, he requested leave to sing a solo air, that his voice might be heard to more advantage. This request also was granted; but he executed his solo so little to the satisfaction of the audience, that he was to his great mortification violently hissed. When the performance was over, by way of consolation, Handel made him the following speech:—"I am very sorry, very sorry, for you indeed my dear sir! but go back to your church in de country. God will forgive you for your bad singing; dese wicked people in London dey will not forgive you."

While Marylebone gardens were flourishing (says Mr. Smith) the enchanting music of Handel, and probably of Arne, was often heard from the orchestra there. One evening as my grandfather and Handel were walking together and alone, a new piece was struck up by the band. "Come, Mr. Fountayne," said Handel, "let us sit down and listen to this piece, I want to know your opinion of it." Down they sat, and after some time, Mr. Fountayne, the old parson, turning to his companion, said, "It is not worth listening to; it is very poor stuff." "You are right, Mr. Fountayne," said Handel, "it is very poor stuff; I thought so myself when I had finished it." The old gentleman, being taken by surprise, was beginning to apologize, but Handel assured him there was no necessity; that the music was really bad, having been composed hastily, and his time for the production being limited, and that the opinion was as correct as it was honest.

It was a custom of Haydn as soon as he had finished any new work, to lay it aside for some time before he looked at it, for the purpose of retouching and correcting. It happened that, under the influence of low spirits and chagrin, this great master had written six quartets, all in a minor key. According to custom, he left the manuscript on his piano, and, as was also usual with him, whenever he had finished a new work, he dismissed it from his mind, and forgot entirely the subjects and ideas on which he had been working. Some time afterwards, Haydn felt inclined to revise these quartets, of which he thought favourably, but he sought for them in vain; they had disappeared, and were no where to be found. Playel, who alone had access to Haydn's house and apartment, was suspected by him of having stolen the missing quartets; and, notwithstanding all the protestations of his pupil to the contrary, Haydn continued for a long time firm in that opinion. At length, however, the sincere and devoted attachment of his young pupil convinced Haydn that his suspicions must be unfounded: he restored him to his friendship, and thought no more of the circumstance, except occasionally to regret the disappearance of what he considered one of his best productions. The most singular part of the whole affair is, that the thief, whoever she may have been, did not attempt to derive any advantage from his robbery; these stolen quartets never saw the light.

In a biography of Mozart, by Counsellor Nissen, published a short time since, is the following anecdote:—"Never was Mozart's situation more deplorable than at the Court of the Archbishop of Salzburg. A low salary, a haughty, repulsive treatment, humbled him extremely. The archbishop treated him as the meanest creature. No ignominious expression was spared to mortify that great musician, who already, even when a child, had been honoured by kings and princes. In the scale of domestic rank he had that of valet de chambre. At the common table, Mozart had his seat beneath the upper valets, (*liebkammerdiener*), but above the cooks. Even the confectioner of the archbishop had precedence of him. At length, Mozart very naturally demanded his dismissal, and this he received with these humane words, "Pack yourself off, if you will not serve me faithfully!"

W. G. C.

KREUTZER.

RODOLPHE KREUTZER, the celebrated violin player, died at Geneva, on the 6th of January, 1831, in the 64th year of his age. Until an accident which deprived M. Kreutzer, in 1817, of the use of his arm, he was justly considered the most accomplished violinist in

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Europe. His method is the best that is known. Besides being for many years, director of the Académie Royale, in Paris, M. Kreutzer was also principal violin player at the Conservatoire. Most of the young violin professors of eminence in France are, therefore, his pupils, and take great credit in calling themselves such. As a composer, M. Kreutzer has also greatly distinguished himself. Besides an immense number of violin concertos, quartets, duets, and a set of excellent studies familiar to all performers on that instrument throughout Europe, he has written several operas, among which are the well-known *Lodoiska*, *Paul et Virginie*, *La Mort d'Abel*, and *Aristippe*. M. Kreutzer enjoyed the personal friendship of Napoleon, who often conversed with him in a familiar manner, appointed him his *Maitre de Chapelle*, and conferred on him the gold cross of the Legion of Honor. Napoleon used to say, that time was too precious to be employed in listening to instrumental music, excepting when Kreutzer was playing a concerto on the violin. W. G. C.

CALDERON.

PEDRO CALDERON DE LA BARCA was born of a noble family at Madrid, in the first year of the 17th century. Having finished his studies at the University of Salamanca, he attached himself, in his 19th year, to some patrons at court. Little satisfied, however, with the world, in the outset of life, he enlisted as a common soldier, and made some campaigns in Italy and the Low Countries. This new kind of life did not hinder him from cultivating his talent for dramatic poetry, and his fame, spreading through Spain, made the public expect a writer equal, if not superior, to their favourite, Lope de Vega. He is even said to have written for the stage many ingenious comedies at the age of fourteen. Philip IV., who expended more money on the theatre than any of his predecessors, and who even deigned to compose himself, at length discovered the talents of Calderon, and called him to his capital in 1636. From this moment the poet was chained to Madrid, and his young monarch, who knew of no affair more important than amusement, took care to keep him in perpetual activity. No expense was spared to represent, with all imaginary pomp, the plays which he contributed for the entertainment of the court; but it was necessary for Calderon, in return, to accommodate his genius to its spirit. In the 52nd year of his age he devoted himself to the church, without renouncing entirely his preceding occupations; but bestowed the greater portion of his time and studies on the composition of his Autos, or plays of the Holy Sacrament, in celebration of the mystery of the Eucharist, in which allegorical personages

are introduced. Admired by his country, and richly endowed with benefices and honours, he attained the advanced age of 87; having composed, during the period of his long life, nearly 200 various dramatic works, a treatise in defence of the stage, another defending the nobility of painting, and sonnets, romances, and songs innumerable.—W. G. C.

New Books.

VEGETABLE SUBSTANCES.—MATERIALS OF MANUFACTURES.

[This is the twenty-first volume of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*; and is entitled, by the rich variety of its contents, to a place in that successful series. It includes the natural economy of substances applied to spinning, weaving, cordage, matting and basket-making, paper-making, straw-plat, the processes of extracting vegetable oils, and many scores of operations, the details of which must fill the reader with admiration of the exhaustless fertility of nature, and the untiring ingenuity of man, in every condition—from the South Sea Islander, who weaves his coarse and harsh raiment of the fibres of the bark of trees, to the manufacturer, whose machinery has been perfected with consummate science and skill. We quote a few passages in illustration of these commendatory features of the work, observing, by the way, that, by no means its least charm consists in numerous and well adapted passages from voyages and travels, whilst the commercial importance of the subject is not lost sight of in more attractive details.]

Nankin.

The yellowish brown colour of Chinese nankins is the natural colour of the cotton and is not imparted by dyeing. The name is derived from the city of Nankin, to which place the manufacture of these cotton stuffs was peculiar. The colour of the nankins was long thought to be artificial, and Van Braam, who travelled in China with a Dutch embassy at the end of the last century, informs us, that the European merchants sent to request that the nankins for their markets might be dyed of a deeper colour than those last received. The fact was, the Chinese had made the last lighter than usual in consequence of a great and sudden demand, which obliged them to mix their common white cotton with the yellowish brown.

Celerity of Manufacture.

The proprietor of a cotton factory in Manchester, having recently obtained an order for the shipment of some goods of a particular description, purchased ten bales of cotton of suitable quality in Liverpool. On their arrival in Manchester, they were received into the highest floor of his works, and thence proceeding regularly downwards, underwent all the intermediate processes of carding, spin-

ning, and weaving until, in ten days from their reception, the finished goods into which they were converted were packed in bales and proceeding again to Liverpool for shipment.

Pulque from the Aloe.

When the aloe is arrived at maturity, by tapping the stem a spirituous liquor is obtained, which is a favourite beverage of the lower classes, called by them *Oetli*, or *Pulque*. A good plant yields from eight to fifteen pints of liquid per diem during two and often three months. A full account of the manner of drawing off this pulque may be found in Mr. Ward's work on Mexico. Mr. Ward observes, that "although the plant is found wild in every part of Mexico, no attempt to extract pulque from it is made, except in the districts which are within reach of the two great towns of La Puebla and Mexico; where, among the lower classes of the inhabitants, the consumption is enormous. Before the revolution the revenue derived from a very small municipal duty exacted on the pulque at the gates of these towns, averaged 600,000 dollars, and amounted, in 1793, to 817,739 dollars, or about 170,000*l.* sterling."—Mexico in 1827, vol. i. p. 55.

Matted Shoes.

The inner bark of the linden tree is employed very extensively in Russia for the manufacture of mats, both for home and for foreign consumption. The boors of that country almost universally wear mat shoes, made of the rind of the young shoots of the linden; and to such an extent is this custom carried, that it is calculated many millions of these shoes are annually platted and worn. The destruction of the linden-tree, in consequence of this constant demand for its bark, is immense; and the practice of the peasantry in employing so unsubstantial a covering for their feet, is very much deprecated by writers who treat on the internal resources of the Russian empire. Mr. Tooke, in his work on Russia, has inserted a statement showing how many plants are thus yearly wasted. He observes, "The apologists for the practice of wearing the matted shoes bring as reasons,—1st, the poverty of the boors; 2ndly, the quick growth of the linden; and 3rdly, that the making of them forms no insignificant occupation for their by-hours. The first is only in part well-founded, as the boors are not every where poor, and as these shoes, in many parts, stand them in more money than leathern ones would cost. The young linden-sticks grow undoubtedly the faster afterwards, but not in the same proportion with which they are cut down. To every pair of shoes from two to four young linden-stems are requisite. In winter the boor wears his platted shoes, it may be ten, but in the working season scarcely more than four days. In the whole year, therefore, he wears out at least fifty pair, to

the making thereof, if we take a middle number, 150 young linden-stems are demolished. A fresh linden-shoot, in moist places, is not fit for peeling, to apply to the purpose of plating into shoes in less time than three years; on a firmer soil it takes longer. Accordingly the linden-wood is constantly diminishing faster than it grows. The benefit arising to the boors from the making of these mat shoes cannot be considerable, as they are very cheap in parts where there is linden enough. If the countryman would employ the time he spends in this in some other trades in wood, while he was benefitting the country he would be also increasing his private gains."

Invention of Paper.

While some doubts have been entertained as to whom Europe is directly indebted for the introduction of so important a manufacture, it is quite certain that at a period anterior to the thirteenth century it was known and practised in Asia. We have numerous and incontestible proofs that the Chinese possessed the art of paper-making at a very early period; from them their neighbours the Tartars received it, substituting *cotton*, which abounded in their country, for the bamboo, which was certainly the substance more generally used in China. At the commencement of the eighth century, when the conquests of the Arabs carried them to Samarkand, deep in the Scythian plains, they found the manufacture of cotton paper established there. The Arabs learned the art from the Tartars, as the Tartars had learned it from the Chinese, and in their turn substituted *linen* for cotton. To the Arabs therefore it appears pretty certain that we are indebted for the inestimable article, or paper made from linen; but whether the art of making it was introduced by the Italians of Venice, Gaeta, and Amalfi, who, during the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries kept up a constant commercial intercourse with Syria and Egypt, or whether the Saracens—(Arabs under another name), who conquered Spain in the early part of the eighth century, made known the manufacture in that country, has not as yet been clearly ascertained. Mr. Mills reasonably supposes that the flourishing linen manufactories at Valentia suggested the idea of the substitution of linen for cotton in that part of Europe, as the cotton manufactories at Samarkand induced the Tartars to employ cotton instead of bamboo, &c.

Plat.

Platting of straws, grasses, and chips into hats, and different articles for wear, is far from being confined to Europe, or to civilized countries. The art is indeed found to obtain in different degrees of extent and excellence in nearly every part of the world. In the southern provinces of China, where, in summer, the population use no other head covering,

and with straw proposed is almost conical and that a material extends any slatted excellently indifferently use with the poor and but ever, for sale and shoes dependent with they described where have washing they use their straw times tan new wear straw the paper not to civilize both the Sea Islands Africa Polar plating and so texture of made pretty in Southern Spaniards "is the bleached such a regular material quantities climate tion re that it great p

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and where the Mandarins wear these hats with tremendously wide brims, the quantity of straw platted is prodigious. In Japan, in proportion to the population, the consumption is almost equally great. "When on a journey," says Thunberg, "all the Japanese wear a conical hat, made of a species of grass platted and tied with a string." He also observed, that all the fishermen wore hats of the same material and shape. But in addition to this extensive use the Japanese hardly ever wear any shoes or slippers but such as are made of platted straw. "This," remarks the same excellent traveller, "is the most shabby and indifferent part of their dress, and yet in equal use with the high and the low, the rich and the poor. They are made of rice-straw platted, and by no means strong." They cost, however, a mere trifle; they are found exposed for sale in every town and in every village, and the pedestrian supplies himself with new shoes as he goes along, while the more provident man always carries two or three pair with him for use, throwing them away as they wear out. "Old worn-out shoes of this description are found lying every where by the sides of the roads, especially near rivulets, where travellers, on changing their shoes, have an opportunity at the same time of washing their feet."* In very wet weather they use wooden clogs, which are attached to their straw-platted shoes by ties also made of straw plat. People of very high rank sometimes wear slippers made of fine slips of rattan neatly platted. The natives of Tonquin wear also broad-brimmed hats of platted straw or reeds, occasionally plating strips of the palmeto leaf for the same purpose. But not to enumerate many other comparatively civilized people, we find the wild Indians of both the Americas, the natives of the South Sea Islands, the Negros and Hottentots of Africa, and even the poor savages near the Polar regions, all acquainted with the art of plating strips of wood, grasses, or sea-weeds, and some of them producing, merely by hand, textures which we, assisted by all the agency of machinery, could scarcely rival. A very pretty and durable kind of straw plat, made in South America, is familiar to amateurs of cigars. "A fabric highly esteemed in all the Spanish possessions," says a recent traveller, "is that of a species of grass, which is bleached and platted into various articles, such as pouches and cigar-cases, of extreme regularity and fineness. Hats of the same material, but coarser, are exported in large quantities, and found well adapted to warm climates. I could obtain very little information respecting the raw material, farther than that it grew on the coast to the northward in great profusion."<†

* Thunberg's Travels, vol. iii.

† Travels in South America, by Alexander Cuthbert, Esq. vol. ii. p. 84.

The Naturalist.

THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

WE took a walk on one of the late fine days to this truly interesting resort of the rationally curious, and were happy to notice many additions and improvements since our last visit. Among the new buildings is a capacious, rustic stable, with pointed gables: here we found domiciled a camel, a pair of Wapiti deer, a white ass, &c. The vane upon the roof is in the form of an elephant, which led us to expect an elephantine occupant of the building. Not far from hence is a range of kennels, where are specimens of the Italian wolf, Great St. Bernard, Esquimaux, and Himalayan, dogs. Towards the southern verge of the garden, a pit has been well contrived for the bears: the animals are seen in their respective dens and through iron gratings in the pit, from the basement, whence is a double ascent by neat steps to the mouth of the pit, where visitors may witness the *polar* antics of the bears, over the parapet from a kind of terrace. But, probably, the most ornamental of the recent additions is a large and beautiful grotto, constructed with much taste, in a circular basin adjoining the lawn: it consists of piles or stages of rockwork, to the uppermost of which water being raised, returns by trickling over the fantastic, rocky forms, the real appearance of which is not a little aided by interspersed fragments of corallines.

Westward of the large circular building for carnivora is a range of picturesque rocky houses for large birds. Here is the fine pair of condors, whose arrival we noticed about this time last year. Their neighbour is the Ruppell vulture; and in the adjoining house sat a king vulture, in moping majesty, but in rich variety of colour. Among the tenants of this line of aviaries we must not, however, forget a Bengal vulture, just now in splendid plumage, and really worth a walk to the gardens to witness. Its trim and neat appearance is rare among birds of its kind; and its rolling, waddling movements about its domain, reminded us of the step of some cautious old crone, or one of the most grotesque personations in pantomime.

We reached the gardens in the very nick of feeding-time, which is, on many accounts, the best opportunity of witnessing the habits of the animals. The lions, tigers, leopards, and smaller feline specimens in the circular building, presented some fine displays of attitude and passion. The appearance of the feeder set the animals in the very bristle of hunger and mouth-watering expectation. The ration for each was laid before the den, and there let remain for a few minutes; raw shin of beef for the larger animals, and proportionate pieces of meat for the others.

Then the feeder threw each ration through the bars of the cages, and, to use a phrase not unheard in human society, the inmates "fell to." In one case, a tiger caught his bone of beef transversely with the bar outside the cage, and here the longing fellow clutched his meal until the feeder shifted the bone, and enabled him to snatch it within the bars. During the feeding of the several animals, we were delighted with the excellent opportunity it afforded the visitors of observing the admirable structure of certain organs of the animals in connexion with their habits. It was worth a whole volume written on the subject; and, more than all, it presented living illustrations of that portion of zoology, which Professor Rennie has so lucidly explained in his paper on the Cleanliness of Animals,—we mean the peculiar structure of the tongue of feline animals. The lion held the shin bone between his huge and muscular fore paws, and crunched it into fragments with his teeth; at a distance he samed but to *lick* the meat from the bone, but four feet from the bars of the cage you could hear the hungry beast *tear* off the flesh with the sharp, horny points of his tongue, the noise of the process resembling that of a rasp or file passing over the hard bone. In like manner, the smaller animals appeared; but to lick their boneless pieces of meat, while they in reality diminished it at each stroke of the tongue. Again, when the feeder tantalized the lion before his meal, the beast raised his fore part with all the indignation of offended majesty: a frightful glare spread over his massive eye-balls, while he struck through the bars with his stupendous paws, and thus displayed the structure of their under surface of pads or cushions, admirably contrived to break the fall of the stupid beast, and make his foot-fall noiseless, while roaming in quest of prey.

The feeding of five pelicans was an occasion of some mirth to the visitors. A pail of water with flounders was placed at some distance from the pelican inclosure, whence the birds were let out, two at a time. The rate at which they moved towards the pail certainly bordered on the ludicrous: it was between running and flying, the bird spreading its wings nearly to the full extent, and thus rendering its progress irregular and laughably awkward. Each bird having filled its pouch at the pail, half waddled and half flew back to the inclosure; but not the least amusing incident of the scene was the cunning overmuch of one of the pelicans, who, espying beyond the pail a basket, which contained a more ample store of fish, darted at the latter, whence he seized two or three fish, and returned in hasty triumph to the inclosure.

We found their mightinesses, the bears, busy with sundry slices of bread, and one of

the white species enjoying, exclusively, a pan-full of bread and milk: he appeared to be the Benjamin of the tribe, for his meekness was greater than all the rest. This simple food seemed quite in character with the inoffensive, playful habits of the bears; for bread and butter, we know, is the extreme of simplicity.

In the semicircular glazed building noticed in our last visit, the monkeys appeared "at home," although the fixing-up of stove and pipe indicated the necessity of an artificial atmosphere for these children of warmer climes. They are in two large wire-work inclosures, in the centre of which are spreading limbs of trees, which make for them a leafless forest. It was also their dinner or supper time: the feeder, with an armful of slices of bread, each the size of a schoolboy's "hunch," entered the cage, and immediately brought about him the whole troop of monkeys, though grouped in the most picturesque and orderly manner. The sight of their meal taught them *bonos mores*, and in less than five minutes each monkey might be seen as busy at his half-round of bread as any hungry boy at the first of his three daily meals, with the whet of a page of syntax; and some of their monkeyships having, with disproportionate celerity, dispatched their own allowance, eagerly looked about to help the rest—just as some folks in the world, having spent their own fortune, kindly relieve others of their superfluous cash. All, however, was good order in the quadrumanous party before us: although each had four hands, he respected the just maxim of *sum cuique*, and the honourable distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*.

Among the novelties, we were told of a striped skunk, in the monkey-house, though the approach of dusk prevented our seeing the specimen.

Manners and Customs.

EDWARD VI. IN COUNCIL.

THIS Engraving is from a print etched by Malcolm, to illustrate his *Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London, from the Roman Invasion to the year 1700*. It represents Edward VI. holding a council, in the Tower of London, in the year 1549, about two years after his accession to the throne, and in the twelfth year of his age. These were troublous times, especially for so young a wearer of the English crown. The country was in a feverish and irritable temper, and "there were not wanting causes which brought the religious passions into contact with the distress of the people, and melted them together into a mass of disaffection." In June, in the above year, an insurrection broke out in Cornwall, the insurgents amounting to 10,000 men; but they were defeated at Laun-

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(Edward VI. in Council.)

ceston, by the royal party; their leader, the mayor of Bodacyn, and some others were tried and executed in London; a Roman Catholic priest at Exeter was hanged from his own tower, in his sacerdotal vestments, and with the beads which he used in prayer hung from his girdle. In July, Ket, a tanner, but also a considerable landholder, raised an army of 20,000 men, and encamped near Norwich, assuming the title of King of Norfolk and Suffolk. However, after partial successes, he was defeated by Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and hanged on Norwich Castle, his brother on Windham steeple, and nine others on "the branches of the oak of reformation," under which Ket was wont to sit, with a sort of imitation of royalty, to administer grace and justice. On July 24, the first commissions were issued for lord lieutenants of counties; "a species of civil governors and commanders of the armed men of whom the late confusions occasioned the appointment." Meanwhile the proud Duke of Somerset was Protector, but too fearful of unpopularity to be capable of executing justice: his last usurpation of the protectorship being the erection of Somerset-house, for his palace in the Strand, and the extortion of money from bishops, and the levelling of the parish church of St. Mary, to enable him to execute his magnificent palace-building project: yet these acts were formally sanctioned by the minor King. In September following, the plot for the overthrow of Somerset was matured; the discontented lords withdrew from the court, and with bodies of armed retainers, paraded the streets of London, and obtained peaceable possession of the Tower.

The Protector, in October, removed the King from Hampton Court to Windsor, whence he required aid from his friends; but failing in all his applications, the palace at Windsor being deserted, and the seceding lords obtaining fresh adherents, in the same month the vast powers of Somerset were withdrawn from him. Such is but a rapid sketch of a few of the momentous events which must have engaged the councils of Edward VI. in the year 1549, the most memorable of his brief reign of six years, five months, and nineteen days.

The print may be received as an illustration of the costume and manners of its date. In the present day the Royal council is held at a long table, the King being seated at the head, in a state chair; and the councillors occupy chairs instead of benches, as in the Engraving. By reference to the Engraving at page 425, vol. xvi. of our Miscellany, it will be seen that in the previous reign of Henry VIII. the councillors also sat on benches.

Sir James Mackintosh characterizes Edward as an amiable and promising boy: "his position in English history, between a tyrant and a bigot, adds somewhat to the grace of his innocent and attractive character, which borrows also an additional charm from the mild lustre which surrounds the name of Lady Jane Grey, the companion of his infancy, and the object of his dying choice as a successor on the throne."

"His death-bed devotions bear testimony to his love of his people, and his fervid zeal against what he conscientiously believed to be the corruptions of true religion."

The Public Journals.

TO A FAIRY.

FAIRY, where dost dwell?
In the cowslip cup, or the blue harebell?
I see no form, I hear no sound—
Yet it seemeth as thou wert all around—
Fairy, where dost dwell?
I see thee not, but where'er I turn,
Mine eyes do gaze, and my ears do burn.
Fairy, undo thy spell.
I call thee out of the twisted reed
With a wood-wild note—with speed, with speed!
I call thee from under the quivering leaf,
That darts from the shade in green relief;
'Tis green above, and green below—
The earth is bright with a sudden glow.
Fairy, dost dwell
Under the cool spring, glassy and deep,
Whose sandy cells thy elves do keep?
Hast thou thy bed and thy shining throne,
Over and under the pebble-stone?
Art chasing the minnows round and round,
That splash the pool with their silver bound?
Or, Fairy, tell,
Dost thou over the surface float,
In the rose-leaf curl'd to a silken boat,
That scarcely touches the water's brim,
As the boughs do fan where it does swim?
Fairy, where dost dwell?
Dost thou thy silvan palace build,
Teaching the tall trees from the rock
Where to shoot and where to lock,
And hang their leaves for the sun to gild—
Letting the clear sky just peep through,
To dot the golden roof with blue;
While thou tellest, with nods and becks,
The elves that are thy architects,
From the aspen, the beech, and the spicy fur,
Around to fling
Their scaffolding
Of the glittering thread of the gossamer?
Or dost thou twine
The sweet woodbine,
And twist the shoot from the mossy bole
Of the wild ash, round the narrow hole
That pierces an entrance dark and small
Through the rocks to thy Fairy-hall,
Where all is bright,
With the glow-worm's light,
That hang like gems on the crystal wall?
Fairy, where'er
Thou lurkest—in water, leaf, or flower:
Or floatest away on the balmy air,
Around my bower,
O guard it well,
With charm and with spell,
And bid thy Elves environ it—
For there my love and I do sit;
And fright with thy whip of adder's skin,
All that dare to look therein.
So will I touch the gentle string,
The while my love shall softly sing
To thee, to thee—
And not an ear
The music shall hear,
Besides ourselves, the charmed three.
And I know by a sign,
That joy is thine,
When thou hearest our dulcet melody;
For as I touch, at the springing sound
A brighter gleam is over the ground—
And the leaves do tremble all around.
Fairy, undo thy spell.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FAIRY'S REPLY.

I come, I come,
At thy gentle call;
But first I must seek our crystal hall—
There to deposit the gems of dew
Cull'd from the rose of pearllest hue;

To set in the crown of our Fairy King,
When we dance our moonlight ring.
Approach, approach
With my ancient coach,
Carved from the acorn's yellow cup,
With my team of ants to drag me up
To the fairy mound.
Then under the ground
We'll dip, and bid the glow-worms clear
Shine before in the secret road
Dug by Mole, or engineer,
To our cavernous abode,
Away, away,
Run, palfreys, run;
Our errand done,
Ere thrice the owl's wing can flap,
We'll be in the bower,
And leaf and flower
With spells, that none shall break, enwrap
So deep and so strong,
That the spirit of song
Shall not escape from the charmed ground;
But when all is still in the pale moonlight,
Shall faintly, faintly, float around,
And blend with the dreams of the silvery night—
Away, away. *Ibid.*

THE LOSS OF THE AMPHITRITE.

AN ACCOUNT, BY AN EYE-WITNESS, OF THE
WRECK OF THE "AMPHITRITE."

*August 31st and September 1st, 1833, on the coast of
Boulogne.*

"And the sea yawn'd around her, like a hell!"
"I HAVE seen a shipwreck! No one who has not witnessed such a frightful scene can imagine one part of its horrors." These were the words I used in a letter to a friend two days after the disastrous wreck of the Amphitrite on this coast; and now all the circumstances of the case have transpired, and been (as people imagine) thoroughly sifted and examined, these words again recur to me, as the most expressive of my thoughts and feelings. In the circumstances attending this dreadful catastrophe, there is much which ought to be widely known—in England especially; much, from which we may gather instruction, and, perhaps, become wiser and better men. Therefore it is that I sit down to write an account of all I have seen; and I shall be the more careful in what I write, as there has been a great deal printed which is utterly untrue; and the "foreign correspondents" of some of our newspapers have written original romances (for lack of intelligence), which would suit an account of the wreck of any other vessel quite as well as, or better than, that of the Amphitrite. I will notice some of these contradictory statements as I proceed.

On the night of the 31st of August, (Saturday), I walked down to the port with a friend—no, not walked—my progression cannot have that name; I strained my limbs, arms and legs, and with an effort and difficulty I had not before conceived could be required, I slowly advanced to the end of the pier. Thousands have reason to remember that awful storm! The wind blew most ferociously, drifting the sand along with ven-

gence, and directly in our faces. We held on our hats with one hand, and shaded our eyes frequently with the other. Tall men and strong men stood still at times, and turned their backs, unable to proceed an inch, and holding fast by the railing along one edge of the pier, to prevent their being blown over. We at length arrived at the extremity of the pier, where there were a dozen or twenty seamen, who seemed on the look out. There was a vessel about half a mile along the coast northward. It certainly appeared to us to be slowly advancing to port. We spoke to the sailors about it. Some of them said nothing in reply, some said it was laying to, but no one seemed in the least interested in the matter; and we concluded that, as they must know more of sea matters and the nature of the coast than we did, there could be no imminent danger for the vessel, especially so near to port as it then was. Little did we imagine that those men had been looking at the ship for two hours and a half. It was now past seven o'clock, and it had been stranded at half past five. We returned home, satisfied with the answers of the Frenchmen, and feeling that they were there waiting for the first symptom of danger. Indeed, but for our own inquiries, and but for our making the greatest exertion to use our eyes, (while the storm was drifting in our faces), we should have known nothing of the matter; for there was not the least thing which we saw or heard in the appearance of the sailors which could indicate that any matter of interest or alarm was going on: all was as quiet as it could be in such a gale. To this fact—so conclusive against the almost incredible inhumanity and cowardice of the men on watch—to this fact I and my friend both deposed before Captain Chads, who was appointed to investigate the affair by the British government.

The first frightful intelligence of the wreck was brought to me on Sunday morning, before I rose, by the children of the amiable family I am residing with, who came flocking to my room with wonder speaking faces: "Oh! a ship has been wrecked—a convict-ship—to-night, and all on board are drowned!" "Then how came you to know it was a convict-ship, if all are drowned?" I replied, more than half suspecting they were playfully attempting to practise on my credulity. To this they could make no satisfactory reply, but that "they had heard it from their maid." I too soon, however, found it was almost literally true. A ship of 200 tons burden, laden with English female convicts, bound to Australia, had been wrecked that night, and three persons only, out of one hundred and thirty, were saved! And that was the ship I had caught a glimpse of on the previous evening!

I was soon at the port. How has this horrible event come to pass? how was it possible so near the shore? These and a hundred

such questions were in every mouth; and what every one asked none could answer. A multitude of contradictory stories were afloat, none of which subsequently proved true. The prevailing account was, that a French sailor had gone off in a boat to the captain of the lost vessel on Saturday evening (Captain Hunter), and offered assistance, telling him of his danger; but that the captain had refused sternly all help from shore, saying, that he would land the convicts in New South Wales safely or perish. The greater part of this is totally false. One French boat, it is true, and only one, put out to sea; and the man soon returned thinking he had done enough to gain a character for bravery, and he propagated this story. The three men who were saved denied that the captain refused assistance; and said, that when the boat drew near, one went to the hold for a rope, and on his return with one, the boat had turned, and was making again for shore. They added, that the captain was not made aware of his danger. Another story was, that the captain was insensible, or stupefied with his misfortune, from the moment the ship struck. This is also wholly denied by the sailors. These stories, however, travelled to England; and another, too, which made it out that the mate was saved: and information of some particulars was given on his pretended evidence, when the poor man was drowned!

The scene which transpired in the suburbs, where the three men who swam ashore (for they saved themselves) were lying, in an exhausted state, was most revolting. At about ten o'clock on Sunday morning, while the dead bodies, which in the night had been washed up in masses, were being conveyed in carts to the hospital, these half-drowned three were beset on every hand with questioners of every order. I shall not forget easily the horrid eagerness and haste of different persons to get the first information. "Tell me, sir; I'm the correspondent of the *Standard*." "And me, sir; I belong to such and such a newspaper; and first information is of great importance to our journal." But I have greater horrors to tell. I soon learned from different persons on the spot the chief events of that night of woe. In the course of one half hour, no fewer than thirty bodies of women had been washed up at the gates of Barry's Marine Hotel. Many of them were warm; and the greatest humanity and attention were displayed by the people of the hotel, as well as the persons residing there. But there was only *one* surgeon for fifty or more drowned women; and they had no apparatus for restoring circulation or communicating warmth—there is no such thing, they say, in Boulogne! Very many might have been saved by such means; but nothing was resorted to but warm cloths, warm water, and a few similar things.

By eleven o'clock, no fewer than sixty-three dead women were placed in rows, in a long room of the Hospice de St. Louis, in the Rue de l'Hôpital. It was a scene that might shake the stoutest heart. Among them there was a young mother, with her infant clutched in her rigid arms. They were not separated: one coffin was allowed to receive them. A great number of them were young women, and some fine women, and many would soon have become mothers. Two or three hours before, all were alive—all—and thought not even of danger; and now the half-naked, and scarcely cold bodies, were lying one inanimate mass—the young with the old—the newly-made mother with her who was about to bring forth—and oh, God of mercy! these were thy creatures—my wretched countrywomen! There was a dreary and awful silence in that long chamber, broken only by the mumbling voices of the attendant nuns and their busy steps; and many were gazing with eyes of heartless curiosity—and some with the accustomed air of those to whom it was a matter of business—and some were touched with pity.

I own I cannot repress the indignation I feel at the conduct of the French here during this dreadful event. Without dwelling on the cowardice and apathy of the sailors, will it be credited, that the prefect (the mayor of the town) was at the sea-side, and saw the distress of the Amphitrite on Saturday evening, and coolly went home and took his dinner, without adopting any single measure, or even giving any orders, for the assistance of the crew! This is the fact; and this could not be by any possibility be excused or palliated. Indeed, the circumstances of the case speak for themselves. The vessel was within hailing distance, and the sailors who are saved affirm that the water she was in was not higher than a man's breast. And yet one hundred and twenty-seven souls were lost. Could this have occurred on an English coast? 'Tis impossible! I do not hesitate to say, that if a French vessel had been wrecked at one of our ports, and we had been at deadliest war with France, the crew would have been rescued, and every Englishman within call would have been there to offer aid. A dozen Englishmen could not have stood on the shore two hours looking on!

The evidence of the three men who are saved is already before the public. One of them, Towsey, is a midshipman, who was working out his passage; the other two are common sailors. The midshipman is about nineteen years of age; and a very good thing is told of him—that he fastened the hair of a young woman round his arm, and swam ashore safely with her; but she died in a few minutes, from exhaustion. It would not be interesting or important to relate again all the evidence given by these three men; some

things only I shall notice. It was no sooner known that this English vessel was wrecked, than some malicious persons instantly seized hold of it as a ground of complaint against the British consul, that he did not keep a sharp look-out along the sands, on such a stormy night, to see if there might not be a British ship in distress! It was even stated as a crime, that he did not station men along the coast with lanterns! The absurdity of this accusation is now pretty evident; and every one knows how honourably for the consul the investigation has terminated which was set on foot by our government. But it was feared that some pains had been taken to extract from one of the sailors something to falsify his deposition. The facts that rest on this man's deposition only I do not attach much credit to. The sum of the evidence of the three men is this. That the captain, finding it impossible to get into port, intentionally ran his vessel ashore, as high up as he could, intending to wait there for the tide, which, on rising, he thought would carry him farther in. His error appears to be, that he did not immediately disembark his crew, as he had a boat. But this error proceeded from his *not being aware of the danger of the coast*. The boat was once lowered, but he thought it would be as well to wait on board till the morning. No one on board dreamt of danger; they went down to supper quite securely, and then the women, who had been dreadfully sea-sick the whole day, got into their berths (which circumstance accounts for their being found nearly naked). I do not believe the story that the surgeon's (Mr. Forrester) wife had caused the boat to be put up again, by proudly refusing to go on shore with convicts. It rests only on the testimony of the one sailor to whom I have alluded, and is much too improbable to be believed on such evidence. The perfect security felt by all on board is a sufficient explanation of the putting up of the boat; the lady's pride cannot be deemed so, certainly. It was about eight o'clock, when most of the crew were below, that the vessel was driven over its anchor; and, by the tremendous violence of the lashing tempest, the poop was broken off,—and the women's berths were beneath it,—and in a moment the whole crew were in the waves. Even then the sailors on shore put out no boat. It was a ready excuse for men who only wanted an excuse, "Oh, the captain refuses all assistance!" Still, considering so powerful a wind was blowing directly on shore, it is matter of universal astonishment that so few were saved. Many—perhaps most—of the bodies when cast up at first were warm, and the apparatus of an English Humane Society might have restored them; but they were cruelly neglected; the French guard would allow none but the authorized persons

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to convey from the sands the dying women. A French Count affirms that he was himself prevented by the officers from saving a woman who grasped him!

I was standing, or walking about at the sea-side, from eleven o'clock to half-past one on the Sunday of the wreck, and the scene there exhibited was revolting in the extreme. The lower orders of the French people—men, women, and children—with carts and horses, were there in droves; many of them walked up to their middle into the water, to seize, with a disgusting voracity, the spoils of the wreck. This had been going on all night; and the warm bodies were stripped for plunder before one thought was bestowed on their restoration. The plunder of the wreck, all persons in Boulogne allow to have been most shameless and unfeeling; and the conduct of the people was more like that of folks at a fair or merry-making than any thing else. In the afternoon it was low water, and the sun came out a little. All Boulogne flocked to the wreck. The Sunday-morning scramble for plunder had seemed a matter of earnest business; the afternoon seemed like a gala-day. In the evening the theatre was open as usual!

If I were to give anecdotes to illustrate the tone of feeling, or rather want of feeling—apathy—relative to the wreck, I could fill many pages. I say not this so much to charge cruelty (or a love of cruelty) and inhumanity on these people, as to exhibit their innate coarseness of soul. Some uttered words of commiseration for the sufferers; but the talk was generally in another tone. One fellow was boasting that the coffins would be made at "our house;" another thought the vessel ought not to have gone to sea, not being, in his opinion, "sea-worthy;" and a third put in his judgment, that the underwriters were not, in justice, liable to be called on in that case. Such was the talk, mixed with blame of the British consul for not doing what they thought his duty, and his only—to look after English ships. But I proceed.

For a long time, the bodies of none but women were washed up by the sea; the surgeon was found on Tuesday, and plundered, of course, as his wife had been. The funeral of sixty-three women took place on Monday, the day following the wreck. They were interred in two trenches, in the Protestant part of the cemetery; but as they were generally young, and had good teeth, the nuns, who had charge of them at the hospital, I am told, allowed (without much scruple) the dentists to draw the "heretic" teeth, which were too good a prize to be lost, and which will probably adorn some Catholic jaws, when cleaned and filed by the French dentists. Thus was plunder carried to the last extremity.

At two o'clock on Monday, the gloomy procession proceeded from the Rue l'Hôpital to the cemetery; the English and French authorities, and the clergyman, going before. The eagerness of the people pressing noisily against the cemetery gates before they were opened, was very revolting; nor did they preserve a very decent silence during the interment. The procession advanced to the cemetery by the lower ramparts of the town, the coffins (such as they were) borne on wretched carts. The cemetery here is exceedingly well preserved; it is surrounded with iron rails, and planted with trees and flowers, and in the Catholic part of it thickly studded with crosses, which have a beautiful effect. Indeed, I see not why Protestants should discard the sign of the cross. There lie the bodies of my countrywomen, the unhappy convicts of the Amphitrite! Let us, with our invaluable church (or, rather, as members of it), join in the charitable hope that they are cleansed from their earthly pollution, and shall arise to everlasting life.

P.S.—I ought not to forget to mention the great humanity and generosity of Lieut.-Col. Maxwell, in particular, towards the wrecked men. His conduct throughout I should be proud to record. The midshipman Towsey he took into his house, clothed and fed him, and by his exertions reinstated him in his former circumstances, or indeed better.—*Somewhat Abridged from Frazer's Magazine.*

Fine Arts.

THE STUDIES AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION. (To the Editor.)

A SELECTION has been made at this institution, for the advantage of the students, from the productions of the three last presidents of the Royal Academy; but as they are all portraits and historical subjects, many of the artists, whose genius leads them to the delineation of landscape, are unfortunately precluded from deriving any benefit from the school this season. The figure painters, of course, have seized the favourable opportunity with avidity of improving their style from the masterly works of Sir Joshua, the excellent designs of West, and the chaste productions of Lawrence. From the studies made, we perceive the difficulty of imitating the manner of Reynolds, whose colours are so beautifully blended as to leave no positive outline to his drawing, and the comparative ease of copying the pictures of the two other presidents, particularly West, the contour of whose figures is more apparent, and whose colouring is divested of that artificial management so predominant in the style of the first president. From this observation it may be inferred that many of the copies are failures;

we must, however, confess that the performers merit our approbation by their intrepidity in attempting to tread the path of so formidable a master as Sir Joshua Reynolds. We subjoin a few impartial notes on what we have seen, and shall commence with the first president.

*The Laughing Girl.** One of Sir Joshua's fascinating portraits. She is sitting in an easy position, inclining forwards, with her arms gracefully folded, against what seems to be a marble pillar. She evidently appears to have been resting after some fatigue, and to have been disturbed by some sound, or the approach of some one, though her face does not indicate the least alarm; on the contrary, a sweet smile animates her lovely countenance. Numerous copies have been attempted from this picture, but we must prefer those made on a small scale by Mr. Rochard, and Miss Lucy Adams.

The Strawberry Girl is an innocent little creature, with, however, an arch expression about the eyes; her dress is a little fantastical and a basket of strawberries hangs on one arm, while her hands are rather primly placed over her bosom. The landscape around her is rural, being a high sandy bank, with a few trees in the distance. The Misses Solaner, Corboux, Adams, and Dutton, and Messrs. Dakeing, Fisk, Robson, Lilly, and Longbottom, have produced clever studies from this interesting picture.

The Portrait of Lord Lifford has employed the talents of Mr. Briggs, R. A., and also of Messrs. Opie, Seaforth, Williams, Emmerson, and Buss.

Cymon and Iphigenia is equal to any of the works of Titian. Sir Joshua has here displayed great accuracy of drawing, and a thorough knowledge of the human figure; and as these qualities are united with his usual free manner of laying on the tints, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it his *ne plus ultra*. The finest studies are by Messrs. Faulkener, Middleton, Novicé, and Longbottom.

Sir Joshua's own portrait has been well copied by Messrs. Middleton, Novicé, Boaden, Lilly, and Smith.

Christ Rejected, by West. Mr. Sargeant has executed a beautiful small copy from this subject.

The full-length *Portrait of Kemble in the character of Hamlet* is considered to be, by many eminent connoisseurs, the finest production of the late president. The figure is commanding and dignified, while the sombre effect of night, partially illumined by the moon, which appears above the turrets of some distant edifice, imparts a solitary interest to the *coup d'œil*. The face is highly expressive; the eyes, dark, and full of senti-

* The title to this picture is not quite appropriate, as she is represented smiling, not laughing.

ment, are raised upwards; the mouth is closed, while the curl of the upper lip seems to imply a contempt of everything terrestrial. In one hand he holds a skull, while the other is hanging passively by his side. In the foreground appears a pick-axe and another skull. From the very numerous copies of this work we may select those of Miss Kendrick and Miss Alabaster, and of Messrs. Lilly, Dakeing, Robson, Seaforth, and Hurst.

There are, doubtless, many other excellent copies by the students, particularly from the works of West. G. W. N.

WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE SUFFOLK-STREET GALLERY.

THIS exhibition opened for the season a few weeks since. It is the second assemblage of the works of Deceased and Living Artists on these walls; and if its attractions be not quite equal to those of the first season, they are of considerable worth. The exhibition displays "specimens of nearly seventy artists, whose talents were admitted by their contemporaries, and whose reputation has been subsequently confirmed by general consent." Among them are the names of Reynolds, Fuseli, Wilson, Harlow, Lawrence, Jackson, Morland, Zoffani, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Barry, Bird, De Louthembourg, Opie, Northcote, Kneller, &c.; and among the living artists are Beechey, Holland, Smirke, Ward, Stothard, Carpenter (Mrs. W.), Turner, Beagle, Landseer, Linton, Etty, Drummond, Childe, Wood, &c. There are 492 pictures; and over and above these are, in themselves "an exhibition," Mr. Bone's collection of more than eighty Portraits in enamel of illustrious characters in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This collection would be a splendid accession to the finest of our palaces, upon the false decoration of which many thousands have been lavished in the worst taste.

Contemporary Traveller.

RECENT TRAVELS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

(From an Unpublished MS.)

GALLOPING over the arid and dusty plain of Guachi, we suddenly arrived at the edge of the almost perpendicular hill which overlooks the valley of Hambato. The view of the valley from this elevation, (about seven hundred feet,) is extremely beautiful, and the eye, fatigued and half blinded by the glare and heat thrown from the parched soil, rests with pleasure on the fresh and luxuriant green of this beautiful spot; the valley is narrow and shut in on all sides by dark, barren hills; it is not dependent on the clouds for the water that nourishes the eternal verdure in which it is clothed, for it

scarcely runs through in number these fine graceful branches contrast lucern, valley is is said to notwithstanding to be for sea; it and in t by cool very severe happened laid in every side bato, a serious i some pe variety o spot is climate thousand enjoying supplied and tem giving i barley, and coffi pears, pl olives, o the same that inv come to fioned th at Moch about five more or and at that dis stated ra Ecuador in places ing mate meteorol connectio of severe intellige informec ally occu almost in at that p We w of the ne of the r carried a mountain ing from Cordiller cold and At noon bridges

scarcely ever rains here; a considerable stream runs through it, the water of which is carried in numberless channels to irrigate the fields; these fields are divided by rows of a very graceful kind of willow, whose feathery branches and light green foliage are strongly contrasted with the rich carpet of *alfalfa*, or lucern, with which a large portion of the valley is covered. The climate of Hambato is said to be finer than any other in Ecuador, notwithstanding the almost endless variety to be found at different elevations from the sea; it is an eternal spring, no frost nips, and in the hottest season the air is tempered by cool breezes from the mountains. No very severe earthquakes are recorded to have happened; the same convulsions which have laid in ruins the towns in the vicinity on every side, have been slightly felt at Hambato, and have passed without doing any serious injury; possibly this may arise from some peculiar formation of the valley. The variety of the productions of this extraordinary spot is such as might be expected from its climate and situation; elevated above six thousand feet above the level of the sea, enjoying almost continual sunshine, and supplied with abundance of water, tropical and temperate climes seem to have united in giving it the fruits peculiar to each; wheat, barley, peas, potatoes, maize, sugar cane, and coffee, growing side by side, while apples, pears, plums, peaches, cherries, grapes, figs, olives, oranges, and lemons, are produced in the same garden. The climate is so healthy, that invalids from all parts of the country come to profit by its salubrity. I have mentioned that it scarcely ever rains at Hambato; at Mocha, where we slept the night before, about five leagues to the southward, it rains more or less almost every day in the year; and at La Tacunga, somewhat more than that distance to the northward, there is a stated rainy season, as in most parts of the Ecuador; such a total diversity of climate, in places so near each other, and not differing materially in elevation, is a very curious meteorological phenomenon; can it have any connexion with the fact of the non-occurrence of severe earthquakes at Hambato? A very intelligent gentleman, a native of Guayaquil, informed me that a heavy shower, incidentally occurring during the dry season, was almost invariably followed by an earthquake at that place.

We were detained in Hambato until noon of the next day, (July 13, 1832,) by the rise of the river of the same name which had carried away all the bridges; the river is a mountain torrent, subject to very rapid swelling from the melting of the snows of the Cordilleras; it as rapidly subsides when cold and dry weather diminishes its supplies. At noon we received information that the bridges had been repaired so that we might

cross, and we hastily mounted our horses, anxious to arrive at La Tacunga before night-fall. On arriving at the river, we found the only bridge to consist of three or four trunks of trees not squared, elevated about forty feet above the river, on the abutments of the bridge which had been carried away; these were laid parallel to each other, but at sufficient distances, one from another, for a person easily to slip between them into the river, which was roaring and foaming below. A number of people, with their horses and mules, were collected on each bank, disappointed, as I supposed, in the expectation of finding a bridge. "Where is the new bridge?" said I to our muleteer. "There, sir," said he, pointing to the precarious footing afforded by the trunks of trees. "But how are our horses to cross? they cannot walk over on those round logs." "No, sir, they cross by swimming." "Swimming!" exclaimed I, in astonishment, "they may swim, but it will be down the stream to be dashed to pieces among the rocks." "*Veremos*, we shall see," was the only reply. We now dismounted, and our muleteer, with the assistance of some Indians, unloaded our beasts, took the saddles and bridles from our horses, and carried all across the bridge; we next followed and crossed safely, notwithstanding the narrowness of the path, and the slight nervousness occasioned by seeing the deep and rapid stream below. Our horses and mules were next to be got over, which was accomplished in the following manner; the river is about twenty yards wide, very deep, and darts along with inconceivable rapidity; a long rope of twisted hide was tied round the neck of the beast to be conveyed across, and carried to the opposite side by the bridge, two men then pull at it, and others drive the animal into the water, and, by the help of the rope, it is enabled to stem the current and reach the other bank. A number of people were waiting to get across their beasts by this singular ferry; the horses and mules generally went boldly into the water, and arrived, without much difficulty, at the other side, but the poor asses made all the resistance in their power, holding back, lying down, and roaring most piteously, and when at last forced into the water, they were seemingly incapacitated by fear from making any exertion, rolling over and over, and arriving at the bank half drowned; however, no accident happened, and we recommenced our journey through a country formed of the materials thrown from Cotopaxi, toward which mountain we were now travelling; the quantity of lava thrown from the burning bosom of this terrific mountain is almost beyond belief; as far as the eye can reach, the whole country appears to be a mass of lava and volcanic sand, and although in some places there are patches of cultivation it has a sickly hue, and

the whole bears the appearance of a spot on which a withering curse has fallen. A short time before sunset, we arrived at La Tacunga, after a fatiguing ride through fine sand which every wind raised in blinding clouds, and over bare hills of lava, heated almost to scorching by the rays of a nearly vertical sun. La Tacunga is the very picture of desolation and ruin, being a sad monument of the effects occasioned by the terrible convulsions of nature to which this country is subject; it has, perhaps, suffered more frequently than any town in South America; in the year 1698, it was almost totally destroyed by an earthquake; in the years 1743 and 1744 it was much injured by eruptions of Cotopaxi; in 1756, another earthquake happened which destroyed the Jesuits' church, an enormous stone building, at the time, full of people; five thousand persons are said to have perished in it;* many other houses were ruined and many people lost their lives, beside those who were in the church. The last earthquake, which caused much injury, happened in 1800, and although it destroyed the church of San Francisco and many houses, comparatively few persons lost their lives. La Tacunga is built wholly of the dark coloured spongy lava of Cotopaxi, which is easily worked and forms very handsome walls; whole streets are in ruins, but the most curious and appalling proof of the tremendous and irresistible force of the earth's throes, is presented by the ruined church of the Jesuits; its arched roof of solid stone has fallen in, burying thousands in its ruins; its walls, six feet in thickness, are cracked in every direction, and huge masses are torn off as if by the agency of some violent explosion; one mass, of many tons weight, appears to have been twisted round after it was detached from the wall, and now rests on one corner, its upper end leaning against the wall; the strength of fifty men, unaided by machinery, would not serve to move it from its present position. On parts of the walls are fragments of fresco paintings, the colours of which are still quite fresh. We also visited the convent belonging to the same order, of which all except the lower story is destroyed; the *patio*, or courtyard, is surrounded by a very handsome set of ornamented arches built of the same spongy lava of which the town is composed. The church of San Francisco, which was partially destroyed in 1800, has been rebuilt, or rather repaired; evident traces remain in it of the effects of the earthquake. Scarcely a month passes at La Tacunga without the shock of an earthquake.—*Silliman's American Journal*.

* For the accuracy of this, perhaps, exaggerated statement, I cannot vouch: I had it from different persons in La Tacunga.

The Gatherer.

Origin of the saying "I'll go through fire and water to serve you."—The Bishops of Rochester possessed the manor of Southfleet in Kent, before the Conquest, and, as not unusual in ancient times, the court of Southfleet had a power of trying and executing felons. The jurisdiction extended not only to acts of felony done within the village, but also over criminals apprehended in another county. An instance of this kind in the year 1200, is mentioned by T. Blount, in his *Ancient Tenures*. It was of two women who had stolen some clothes in Croindene, (supposed to be Croydon,) and the men of that place having pursued them to Southfleet, they were imprisoned and tried by the Lord Henry de Cobham, and other discreet men of the country, who adjudged them to undergo the fire ordeal, or examination of the hot iron. By this foolish test, one of them was exculpated and the other condemned. The two chief species of trial by ordeal were those of fire and water. Both these modes might be performed by deputy; but the principal was to answer for the success of the trial, the deputy only venturing some corporeal pain for hire, or, perhaps, for friendship. "This (says Blackstone) is still expressed in that common form of speech of going through fire and water to serve another." Hale tells us "In the time of King John, the purgation *per ignem et aquam*, or the trial by ordeal continued; but it ended with this king."

P. T. W.

An Irish counsel being questioned by the judge to know "for whom he was concerned," replied as follows: "I am *concerned*, my lord, for the plaintiff; but I am employed for the defendant."

What is Thought?

The hermit's solace in his cell,
The fire that warms the poet's brain,
The lover's heaven or his hell,
The madman's sport, the wise man's pain.

In *Rum*, one of the Western Islands of Scotland, there is rain throughout the year. This occasioned a dry fellow to observe how excellent a place it must be to enjoy rum and water.

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